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SONNETS.

I.

THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN-RANGE.

THEY beckon from their sunset-domes afar,
 Light's royal priesthood, the eternal hills.
 Though born of earth, robed of the sky they are;
 And the anointing radiance heaven distills
 O'er their high brows, the air with glory fills.
 The portals of the west are opened wide;
 And lifted up, absolved from earthly ills,
 All thoughts, a reverent throng, to worship glide.
 The hills interpret heavenly mysteries,
 The mysteries of Light—an open book
 Of Revelation: see, its leaves unfold
 With crimson borderings, and lines of gold:
 While the rapt reader, though soul-deep his look,
 Dreams of a glory deeper than he sees.

II.

THE PRESENCE.

The mountain statelier lifts his blue-veiled head
 As drawing near, we meet him face to face.
 Here, upon holy ground, we softly tread.
 Yet, with a tender and paternal grace
 He gives the wild flowers in his lap a place;
 They climb his sides, as fondled infants might,
 And wind around him, in a light embrace,
 Their summer drapery, pink and clinging white.
 Great hearts have largest room to bless the small.
 Strong natures give the weaker home and rest.
 So Christ took little children to his breast,
 And with a reverence more profound, we fall
 In the majestic presence that can give
 Truth's simplest message: "Tis by love ye live."

III.

THE FAREWELL.

Now ends the hour's communion, near and high.
 We have heard whispers from the mountain's heart,
 And life henceforth is nobler. With a sigh
 Of grateful sadness let us now depart,
 And seek our lower levels: rills that start
 From this hill's bosom, there reflect the sky:
 And a fair valley, in green gladness drest,
 Wears, in its shadow the unconscious art
 Of beautifying that whence it is blest;
 Through this, to labor and to care we move.
 Yet, seldom though the distant peaks unshroud
 Themselves from baffling mist and rainy cloud,
 We, walking o'er the ever-freshened green,
 Shall know the sources of our life above,
 Among the mountain-heights of the Unseen.

AFTER all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.—*Shaftebury.*

THE MAID OF TREPPI.

(From the German of PAUL HEYSE.)

(Concluded.)

A SOMBRE light filled the apartment when Filippo awoke, but as his thoughts revived and he raised himself in his bed, he was satisfied that it was not the usual twilight before sunrise. On one side of the room there gleamed a feeble ray of the sun, and he soon perceived that the aperture in the wall which he had left open on retiring, had been closed with a handful of litter. He pushed it out, and the clear, full light of the sun streamed in, nearly blinding him. In great rage with himself for sleeping at all, and with the *contrabbandieri*, and especially with the maid, to whom he ascribed some artifice, he strode immediately to the door, the bolt of which now yielded with a slight touch, and entered the adjoining room. He found Fenice alone, sitting composedly before the hearth as if she had been long awaiting him. There was no sign of yesterday's storm upon her countenance; every trace of emotion had disappeared; there was no evidence of sadness nor any appearance of forced composure visible to his angry eyes.

"You have contrived it so," said he to her, harshly, "that I should oversleep the hour."

"Yes," she answered, indifferently. "You were weary. You will reach Pistoia early enough to meet the murderers in the afternoon."

"I did not ask you to consult my weariness. Will you still force yourself on me? You will gain nothing by it, girl,—where are my guides?"

"Gone."

"Gone? Dare you insult me! Where are they? 'Tis absurd to suppose that they would depart before I paid them!" and saying this, he strode to the door to go outside.

Fenice remained sitting unconcernedly, and replied in the same quiet manner: "I paid them myself. I told them that you needed repose, and that I would conduct you the rest of the way. Our stock of wine is out, and I have to procure some more an hour this side of Pistoia."

He was too angry to reply immediately. "No," said he, finally bursting forth, "never will I stir one step with you! It is folly, you hypocritical serpent, to seek to involve me in your coils and thus overcome me! Now, we are farther apart than ever! I despise you for holding me weak and silly enough to be won by these petty schemes! With you I will not go. Send one of your men—and here repay yourself what you gave to the *contrabbandieri*."

He flung his purse to her, opened the door, and proceeded to look for some one to conduct him on his journey. "Give yourself no trouble," said she, "you will find none of the men within call; they are on the moun-

tains, and there is nobody in Treppi that can serve you. Poor infirm women, old men and children that require care themselves, are all that remain here. If you do not believe me, search for yourself! And why," she continued, as he hesitated upon the threshold, standing there angry and in doubt, and with his back turned toward her, "why do you look upon me as an unsuitable guide for you? I am satisfied now that I am not for you, as I had dreams last night which told me so. It is true, I still wish you well, and it will please me much to walk by your side yet a few hours, and talk with you on our way. Does this prove that I have any wish to deceive you? You are free, free to depart forever, when you will and where you will, in life or in death. Only, now that I have arranged it so, let me accompany you a short distance. I swear to you, if that will reassure you, that it shall be only a few miles—not, to save my life, as far as Pistoia, nor even near it, after you are on the right road. If you depend on yourself you will soon get lost, and be unable to find your way either backward or forward. You know that already from your first experience in these mountains."

"Pest!" murmured he to himself, biting his lips. He saw that the sun was advancing, and taking all things into consideration, what had he really to fear for?

He turned around, and from the calm expression of her large eyes, he thought that he might confidently rely upon her words as concealing no deceitful purpose. She seemed to him, indeed, since the previous day, to have been completely transformed; and there began to mingle with his thoughts a feeling of surprise and dissatisfaction that the effects of the painful scene of the day before should so soon have disappeared and have left no trace behind. He bestowed yet one more glance upon her, but could derive from it no encouragement for farther suspicion.

"If, then," said he, coldly, "you have got to be reasonable, let it be so and let us depart."

Without manifesting any sign of satisfaction, she arose. "We must first eat something," said she, "for we shall find nothing on the way." She placed a dish of *polenta* before him, and a jug, and then, standing upon the hearth, began to eat herself, leaving the wine untouched. He, in order to end the matter, ate a few spoonfuls, tossed off his wine, and lighted his cigar from the coals upon the hearth. During these proceedings he had not so much as glanced at her; but now, as he passed near her, he chanced to look up, and observed an unusual glow upon her cheeks, and the appearance of something like a smile of triumph in her eyes. She suddenly sprang forward, seized the jug and dashed it to atoms on the floor. "Nobody shall drink again from this, now that your lips have touched it!"

Filippo was alarmed. A suspicion flashed across his mind for a second that she might have poisoned him; but he reflected a moment, and concluded that the act

simply formed a part of her cherished superstition and was attached to her oath; so, without more words, he followed her out of the house.

"They have taken the horse back to Porretta," said she to him, outside, as he appeared to be seeking for it with his eyes; "you could have ridden no farther without danger. The roads are steeper than you found them yesterday." She now proceeded in advance of him. They soon left the huts behind them, deserted, and lonely, and lifeless, except where a light column of smoke, ascending from the stone chimneys and floating aloft in the sunshine, indicated the presence of inhabitants. Now, for the first time, did Filippo feel the full grandeur of this mountain solitude, over which hung the clear, transparent vault of heaven. The road, scarcely traceable on the hard rocks of the isolated ridge, extended northward to the broad back of the mountain range, and there rose and fell in parallel lines onward to the distant horizon, where, to the left, a stretch of the sea bounded the vision. No sign of vegetation far or near was visible, except low, stunted bushes and tufts of moss. They soon left the heights and descended into the valley to cross this and reascend the stony heights beyond. Here they encountered firs, and mountain streams dashing into the valley, and heard the roar of the water echoing from the depths below. Fenice still kept in advance, selecting with a sure foot the safest stones to tread on, never uttering a word nor casting a look behind her. He could do no less than fix his eyes upon her form and admire her lithe and graceful limbs. Her face was entirely concealed from him by the white kerchief upon her head; except when it so happened that they could walk side by side, and then only to obtain a furtive glance, compelled as he was to restrain himself, and look away, so fascinating was the exquisite outline of her features. He now, for the first time, in the full, broad sunlight, detected a singularly childlike expression, without being able to account for its presence, as if it alone had remained there seven years, whilst everything else had changed with her womanly growth.

He finally spoke of his own accord, and she answered him appropriately and unconstrainedly. Her voice, otherwise not as harsh and dull as is peculiar with mountain women, now reached his ear in a monotonous tone, and saddest when speaking of indifferent matters. They were travelling a road much frequented of late by political refugees, most of whom had evidently rested at Treppi over night. Filippo asked the maid concerning one or the other of these among his acquaintances, describing them as they occurred to him; but she seldom recollected them, although she knew that the *contrabbandieri* had often brought strangers to her house to remain till morning. Only of one did she seem to have a clear recollection. According to Filippo's description it caused the blood to mount to her cheeks,

and she suddenly stopped—"That is a villain," said she, frowning; "I had to wake the men in the night and have him put out of doors."

Thus conversing, the advocate gave no heed to the progress of the sun, and failed to observe that the Tuscan valley still remained invisible. It never entered his thoughts what would be his fate at the end of the day. It was so refreshing to spring from stone to stone, over the roaring torrent into the shade of the trees that hung over the pathway, and to encounter the rising spray of the rapids, and to see the lizards gliding over the stones, and the inconstant butterflies glitter in the sunshine; so absorbed was he by these, it did not once cross his mind that he was wandering against the stream and still proceeding with his back to the west. There was a charm in the tone of his companion's voice which diverted him from that which had occupied his mind incessantly the day before in the company of the *contrabbandieri*. As they emerged, however, from the valley, and there still appeared before him a wild, desolate tract of mountain land with fresh heights and cliffs, naked and barren as before, he suddenly aroused himself from his dreams, and halted with his eyes fixed upon the heavens. He was clearly convinced that as they were now going they were proceeding in the wrong direction, and that they were full two hours farther from his destination than when they started.

"Stop!" said Filippo. "There is time enough left to see that you are still playing with me. Is this the way to Pistoia, you hypocrite?"

"No!" said she, fearlessly, but with eyes bent to the ground.

"Now, by all the powers of hell, the devil himself may take lessons of you in deceit! A curse upon my blindness!"

"Love is mightier than either angel or devil; love can accomplish everything!" she replied, in a deep, sad voice.

"No, you insolent fool!" he cried, in a rage, "you are not triumphant yet! what a crazy girl like you calls love, cannot prevail over man's will. Return with me at once, and show me the shortest way or I will strangle you on the spot. Dolt that you are, can you not see that I must hate any one that would expose my honor to the world's contempt?"

He rushed before her, clenching his fist, as if utterly unconscious of her presence. "Strangle me now, Filippo," said she, in a clear, but trembling voice; "do it now. But after you have done it, you will regret it—you will cast yourself over my lifeless body and shed tears of blood that you cannot restore me to life. Your couch will be by my side—you will struggle with the vultures that come to prey on me, the bright sun will burn you, the dew of the night will moisten you until you too will decay as I shall—for nevermore can you separate yourself from me. Do you believe that the poor, foolish

girl who has drawn her life's breath on these mountains will throw away seven years like a day? I know well what they have cost me, how dear they are to me, and that I pay well, when in exchange for them I buy them with yourself. Leave you to die—it would be childish! Turn from me and go your way; you will soon find that you are bound to me for eternity. In the wine that you drank this morning, there was a love-charm, which no man yet has been able to withstand!"

She spoke like a queen as she uttered these words with outstretched arm, as if holding a sceptre over the person of a vanquished enemy. But he smiled defiantly. "Your love-charm," he rejoined, "will render you poor service, for I hate you now more bitterly than ever! But what a fool I am to hate a simpleton! Let it cure you of your delusion as also of your love if you never see me again. I do not want your guidance. I see huts and flocks on yonder cliff, and a fire burning—there will be some one to show me the way. Farewell, serpent, farewell!"

She made no reply as he departed. She sat down calmly in the shadow of a rock near the ravine, under the dark green branches of the firs that rooted themselves in its side, and cast her large eyes to the ground, to commune with her own thoughts.

Filippo had left the maid but a short time when he found himself astray among the crags and underbrush; for, however much he might deny it to himself, the words of this wonderful girl excited him to a strange state of restlessness; all his thoughts were turned within. He kept his eyes in the meantime upon the distant meadow and the shepherd's fire, and boldly pushing forward, soon reached the bottom of the ravine. By the position of the sun he thought it must be about four o'clock in the afternoon. Scrambling over a steep ridge he entered upon a sunless pathway, passing a bridge thrown over a fresh torrent, and on the other side apparently leading to the promised hamlet. He pursued it resolutely, the path being steep at first, then level, but more circuitous in its windings. He soon found that it was not the shortest route to his destination. But in a straight line there hung precipitous rocks almost inaccessible, and if he would not retrace his steps and lose time, he must trust to the chances of his course. He now stepped on quickly, and in the beginning, as if freed from his bonds, occasionally looking ahead for the huts toward which he seemed to make no advance. By and by, as his blood circulated freely, the details of the late love scene recurred to his mind. He beheld the beautiful form of the girl in all her loveliness, but not as he viewed her last, through the cloudy veil of anger. He could not repress a sentiment of pity for her. "She is sitting there above," said he, to himself, "the poor lunatic, speculating upon her incantations. She left the house last night to gather

God knows what innocent plants, in the light of the moon. Well, my brave *contrabbandieri* pointed to some exquisite white blossoms between the rocks, which they said were potent to create love. Unconscious flowers, what do they not attribute to you! And then she broke the vessel from which I drank—and the wine was so bitter on my tongue! These childish superstitions, the older and stronger they are, the more venerated. How like a sibyl she stood before me in the pride of conviction! scarcely less majestic than the famous Roman who destroyed her precious volumes. Poor, weak woman, the delusions of your heart make you beautiful, if at the same time they render you miserable!”

The farther he went the more powerfully did the quiet sublimity of her love impress him, as well as the charm of her beauty, which was only increased by separation. “I ought not to have allowed her to suffer,” he continued, “for having struggled with the best intention to save me from certain perdition. I ought to have taken her hand and said to her: ‘Fenice, I love you, and if I am allowed to live, I will return to you and carry you home with me.’ How blind I was not to think of this before! What a shame for a lawyer! I ought to have parted with her by kissing her as a bridegroom kisses his bride, and thus have prevented any suspicion of deception. Instead of that I have acted stubbornly throughout, and have made matters worse.” He now lost himself in the contemplation of such a parting, and fancied he felt her breath upon his cheek, and the pressure of her tender lips upon his own. It seemed to him as if he heard his name called. “Fenice!” he exclaimed, standing still with a listening ear and a beating heart. The torrent murmured below, the pine-branches hung motionless, and far and near prevailed the unbroken stillness of the wilderness.

Once more her name rose upon his lips, when an opportune thought closed them. Shame and a shudder came together. He struck his forehead—“Do I indeed dream of her in my waking hours?” he asked himself, aloud. “Shall she prove to herself that no man can withstand that charm? If so, no better am I than what she intended to make me—the lifelong slave of a woman’s caprice! No, to hell with you, beautiful, self-deceived tempter that you are!”

He regained his composure for the moment, but soon discovered that he had wandered from the path. It was impossible to return without running into the arms of danger, and he therefore concluded to ascend some eminence, at any risk, from which he might again obtain a sight of the lost hamlet. The opposite bank of the turbulent stream was quite steep; he accordingly fastened his cloak around his neck, selected a sure spot for his feet, and with a spring reached the cliff on the other side, the banks here approaching quite near each other. With renewed energy he clomb the precipice and

emerged into the glare of the sunlight. The sun beat heavily upon his head, and he felt the pangs of thirst as he resumed his labors with increased effort. Now, for the first time, arose the anxious thought that with all his attempts he might not reach Pistoia that day. The blood mounted to his brain and oppressed him more and more; he cursed the magic wine which he had swallowed in the morning, and again fell to thinking of the white blossoms which were pointed out to him the day before. The same plant grew beneath his feet, and he shuddered at the sight of it. “If it were but true,” he thought, “that they contained a substance potent enough to master our hearts and senses, and could subject the will of a man to a woman’s caprice! Rather any extremity than such a fate! Rather death than slavery! But no, no, lies may master only those who believe in them. Be a man, Filippo—onward! The height is before you—one short struggle, and this cursed mountain with all its witchcraft will forever be behind you!”

And yet could he not allay the fever in his blood. Every stone, every slippery spot, every overhanging fir-branch was to him an obstacle to be violently overcome, and always with a waste of strength. Finally, reaching the top, he halted at the last bush, and with a swing gained the summit; he was unable, at first, to distinguish any object around him, his brain being confused by the rush of blood to his head, and his eyes being blinded by reflections from the yellow rocks. He rubbed his brow frantically, and wildly tore his hair. Now he positively heard his name called, and he turned with fright toward the spot from whence the sound came. And a few steps off, at the base of a rock, as when he left her, sat Fenice, regarding him with quiet, beaming, happy eyes.

“You have come at last, Filippo!” said she, fervently; “I expected you sooner!”

“You fiend of hell!” cried he, in a rage, whilst horror and a crowd of passions struggled within; “do you still mock me whilst I wander about in torture, the sun melting my brains! Do you triumph over me because I have to see you once more, to curse you once more? I find you here, but I swear by Almighty God that I did not seek for you! You shall yet lose me!”

She slowly shook her head and smiled. “It attracts you without your knowing it, Filippo. You would have found me had all the mountains in the world been between us, for I mixed with your wine this morning seven drops of the dog’s heart’s blood. Poor Fuoco! He loved me and hated you. So will you hate the Filippo you were formerly, when you rejected me, only to find your peace restored by loving me. Filippo, do you not see that I have at last conquered you? Come, I will now show you the way to Genoa, my dearest, my beloved husband!” She arose and moved forward to throw her arms around him, when his aspect both fright-

ened and restrained her. He stood as if suddenly paralyzed; his eyes were bloodshot, and his lips moved inarticulately; his hat had fallen from his head, and both hands were extended waving her off. "A dog! a dog!" were the first words that struggled from his gasping throat. "No, no, no! You shall not conquer yet! Demon! Better a dead man than a living dog!" A wild laugh burst from his lips, and slowly, as if he were incapable of controlling his muscles, and with staring eyes fixed upon the maid's face, he staggered backward and fell into the ravine from which he had but just emerged.

All was night before her eyes. She placed both hands upon her heart, and, as she saw his tall form disappear over the edge of the precipice, uttered a fearful shriek that rang like a falcon-cry over and beyond the banks of the wild ravine. She tottered forward a couple of steps, and then stopped, her hands still pressed against her heart; "Madonna, she exclaimed, unconsciously. Keeping her eyes, as in a dream, upon the spot where he disappeared, she drew nearer and nearer to the brink, and began to descend its stony sides, between the jutting trunks of the fir-trees. Her panting lips murmured incoherent words, while with one hand she pressed her throbbing heart, and with the other supported herself on the stones and clung to the surrounding branches. Thus did she reach the bottom—and there lay Filippo. His eyes were closed, his brow and hair were bathed in blood, and his form rested motionless against a tree. His coat was torn and his right leg seemed to be severely bruised. Whether alive or not, she could not determine. She lifted him in both her arms and discovered that he yet breathed. His cloak, which he had drawn tightly over his shoulder, seemed to have broken the force of the fall. "Christ be praised!" said she, catching breath. It was as if she were endowed with the strength of a giant, as she clasped the helpless man to her breast, and turned to re-ascend the steep. It was long before she reached the summit. Four times she gently laid him down upon the mossy stones to watch the signs of a slumbering life.

When she finally reached the top with her precious burden, her strength failed her entirely, and, for a moment, she sank upon her knees in a state of unconsciousness. She then arose and ran off in the direction of the shepherd's hamlet. Approaching near enough to be heard, she shouted across the valley, receiving an echo for an answer; at length there came the sound of men's voices. Repeating the call a second time, she turned back without awaiting further replies. As she again came to where his inanimate form lay, she lifted it up, and giving vent to a deep groan, bore it into the shade of the rocks where she had lately been sitting to await his coming.

When Filippo came to his senses and cast a feeble

glance around, he found two shepherds leaning over him, an old man and a lad of about seventeen years. They were sprinkling water on his face and chafing his temples, while his head rested softly, but he knew it not, in the maiden's lap. He seemed to have entirely forgotten her. He drew a long, deep breath, and then started convulsively, his limbs quivering to their extremities, after which he again closed his eyes. At length he opened his mouth, and requested, in a stammering voice: "One of you—my good fellows—go quickly—to Pistoia. I am expected there. God will reward you—if you will say to the host of La Fortuna—that I am here as you see me—my name is"—here his voice failed, and he sank again into a state of unconsciousness.

"I will go myself," exclaimed the maid. "In the meantime do you carry the signor to Treppi, and lay him in the bed which Nina will show you. She will send for La Chiaruccia, the old woman, who will come and bandage his wounds. Raise him up, now—you his shoulders, Tomasso, and you, Beppo, his legs. And when you go up the mountain, you, Tomasso, take the lead. Lift, now—so! Gently, gently!—Stop an instant—dip this into some water and lay it on his brow, and you must wet it at every spring. Do you understand?"

She tore a large strip from her linen headkerchief, and dipped it in the water and bound it around Filippo's bloody locks. He was then raised up, and the men bore him along toward Treppi, and the maid, after they had passed out of the reach of her straining eyeballs, turned away and hastily pursued the rough path that led in the direction of Pistoia.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Fenice reached the town. The cabaret, La Fortuna, lay some hundred yards or so from the town, where, in this, the hour of the siesta, there was no one stirring. In the shade of the ample wagon-sheds there stood several unharnessed vehicles, on the cushions of which their conductors lay asleep; work was suspended in the large smithy on the opposite side of the way, and the dusty branches of the trees along the main street hung undisturbed by the slightest breath of air. Fenice stepped to the fountain before the house, its stream the only sign of life in the place, and in the great stone trough beneath, revived herself by dipping her hands and face within it. She drank slowly, and for some time, both to appease thirst and hunger, and then entered the tavern door.

The host raised his sleepy head from the bench in one corner of the coffee-room, but quickly let it fall again when he found it was but a peasant girl that had disturbed his repose. "What would you have," he inquired, roughly. "If you want something to eat and some wine, go in the kitchen."

"Are you the master of the house?" she asked quietly.

"And who else could I be?" he replied; "I am well enough known, I fancy, as Baltazzare Tizzi, of La Fortuna. And what do you bring me, my pretty creature?"

"A message from Signor Avvocato Filippo Mannini."

"Ahha! is it that?" he exclaimed. "Yes, yes, that's all right, indeed!" and he quickly stood up. "Is he not coming himself, child? The signori here are waiting for him."

"Bring me to them," said she.

"Oh, oh, close mouth! Can't one know what he has to tell the signori?"

"No!"

"Very well then, child, very well. Every one has a right to his own secrets—even this pretty little stubborn head-piece, as well as the hard old skull of Baltazzare. So, so, he is not coming. That will not be very pleasant news for the signori—they seem to have very important business with him."

He ceased speaking and cast a sidelong glance at the maid. But she gave him no encouragement to pry further into her confidence; so he opened the door, put on his straw hat, and preceded her, shaking his head knowingly, as he led her without. A small garden lay behind the tavern, and this they crossed, the old fellow talking constantly and repeating his exclamations; to which the maid gave no response. The central alley terminated with a small summer-house inclosed with blinds, and within, behind the glass door, there hung a thick curtain. A few steps in front of this pavilion the host stopped, telling Fenice to remain there while he went alone to the door, which opened promptly at his knock. Fenice saw the curtain drawn aside, and a pair of black eyes looked out toward her; the old man entered, and soon came back, reporting that the signori desired to speak with her.

When Fenice stepped into the pavilion, a man who sat at the table with his back to the door, arose and bestowed upon her a sharp, penetrating look. Two other men remained seated, and on the table were wine-flasks and glasses.

"The Signor Avvocato will not come, then, as he promised?" said the man before whom she stood. "Who are you and what authority have you to deliver this message?"

"I am a young woman from Treppi, and my name is Fenice Cataneo. Authority? I have none, except that I speak the truth."

"Why does not the Signor Avvocato come himself? We thought him a man of honor."

"And such he is," she replied; "he fell from the rocks, and has injured his head and bruised his leg, and he is now quite unconscious."

The questioner exchanged looks with the others, and then resumed. "You are certainly telling the truth, Fenice Cataneo, because you badly understand lying.

If he is unconscious, how could he dispatch you here to report him so?"

"Speech returned to him but for a moment, and he then said that he was expected at La Fortuna, in Pistoia, and that he wished it made known there what had happened to him."

A dry laugh was audible amongst the three men.

"You see," said the speaker, "that these gentlemen here do not believe your story. It is easier to play the poet than act the man of honor."

"If that means, signor, that Signor Filippo is absent through cowardice, it is a base lie, and one for which heaven will hold you accountable." She said this firmly, regarding each of the men in turn.

"You are excited, little one," said the man, ironically.

"You are, perhaps, the particular friend, eh, of the worthy signor?"

"No; the Madonna knows I am not," said she, in a deep, earnest tone. The men whispered together, and she overheard one of them remark "That place is Tuscan"—"You do not believe in the truth of this story?" interposed the third. "He is about as little at Treppi as"—

"Come and see him yourselves!" Fenice exclaimed, interrupting the whisperer. "But bring no arms with you, if I must conduct you there."

"Simpleton," said the first speaker, "do you suppose that we want the life of such a clever little creature as you are?"

"No, but his you do—I know it," she replied.

"Have you nothing else to bargain for, Fenice Cataneo?"

"Yes, for a surgeon," she answered. "If there be one among you, signori?"

She got no response. Instead of answering her, the three men put their heads together in consultation. "When we came," said one, "I saw him, accidentally, standing in front of the house—perhaps he has not yet returned to the town," and with this he left the pavilion. In a short time he reëntered the room accompanied by another person, with whom the others seemed not to be acquainted.

"Will you oblige us by accompanying us to Treppi?" inquired the first speaker; "we will inform you of the matter in hand on our way."

The new-comer bowed in silence, and the party at once left the pavilion. As they passed through the kitchen, Fenice obtained a piece of bread and ate a few mouthfuls. She then joined the company, and preceding them, led the way to the mountains. No thought did she bestow on her companions, as they marched along engrossed in earnest conversation, but moved forward as rapidly as possible, sometimes obliged to turn around and call to them to prevent them from losing sight of her. She would then stop and await their approach and gaze about her with hopeless aspect, and

brooding with a vacant stare, her hand closely pressed to her beating heart. Just at evening they reached the mountain height.

Treppi appeared to be as animated as usual. Only a few curious children were visible at the open windows, and some women about the doors of the cabins, as Fenice, with her escort, passed. She spoke with no one as she drew near her dwelling, simply returning the greeting of her neighbors with a slight movement of her hand. Before it stood a group conversing; the men were busy in front of the door with loaded horses, and *contrabbandieri* were pacing to and fro; all sinking into silence as the strangers approached. They stepped aside and allowed the party to pass. Fenice exchanged a few words with Nina in the large room, after which she opened the door of her own chamber. In the dim light of this apartment the injured man lay stretched upon the bed, and near him, squatted in one corner, an old woman belonging to the hamlet.

"How is he, Chiaruccia?" asked the maid.

"Not very bad, the Madonna be praised!" answered the old woman, darting a hasty glance upon the men who entered the room behind her.

Filippo awoke out of a doze, and his countenance suddenly flushed as his eyes fell upon the maid: "You there!" said he.

"Yes, I bring you the signori with whom you were to fight, to let them see for themselves that you were unable to meet them. And I have also brought a surgeon."

Filippo's languid eyes passed slowly from one to another of the four strangers; "He is not among them," he said. "I know none of these gentlemen."

He was about to close his eyes again, when the spokesman of the party advanced in front of the three others: "It is sufficient," said he, "that we know you, Signor Filippo Mannini. We have orders to await your coming and arrest you. There are letters found, belonging to you, in which it is proved that you did not pass the boundary into Tuscany solely on account of the duel, but to renew certain engagements by which you were to obtain assistance to your party in Bologna. You see the commissary of the police before you, and here are my instructions."

He drew a document from his pocket and held it before Filippo's eyes. Filippo, however, merely stared at it as if he did not understand what was said, and then fell back into his former unconscious state.

"Examine his wounds, *dottore*," said the commissary, turning to the surgeon. "If his condition is such as to allow of his removal, we must have him transported immediately. I noticed the horses outside. We can perform two legal acts at once by seizing them for our service, for they are loaded with contraband goods. It is well to know what kind of people visit Treppi, it may be of some consequence.

Whilst he was speaking, and while the surgeon examined Filippo, Fenice disappeared from the room. Old Chiaruccia remained, sitting quietly, murmuring to herself. Voices were heard outside, and an unusual bustle and hurried tramping, and at the aperture in the wall several faces were seen hastily looking in and as suddenly disappearing. "It is possible," said the surgeon, "to remove him, provided he is carefully bandaged. But he will certainly recover sooner if he is allowed to remain here quietly in charge of this old witch, whose skill in herbs and plants puts to shame the knowledge of the best physician. A fever may set in on the way and endanger his life. I will, under no circumstance, assume responsibility, Signor Commissario."

"It is unnecessary, quite unnecessary," replied the leader. "How we get rid of him matters not. Apply your bandages as carefully as possible—let nothing be neglected, and then forward. There is plenty of moonlight, and we can take a boy with us. In the meantime, Molza, go out and secure the horses."

One of the sbirri, to whom the order was given, quickly opened the door and proceeded to execute it, when an unexpected sight arrested his movements. The adjoining room was filled with a crowd of people belonging to the hamlet, at the head of whom stood two *contrabbandieri*. Fenice was still speaking with them when the door opened. She now advanced to the threshold of the chamber and said, firmly:

"You will leave this room immediately, signori, and without the wounded man, or you will never see Pistoia again. No blood has yet been shed in this house, and so long as Fenice Cataneo is its mistress, and the Madonna wills, no outrage shall be committed here. Do not presume to return, even with a larger force. You must remember the spot near the precipice where only one at a time can mount the rocky steps; it is a pass that a child can defend with a single rolling stone, and there are an abundance on the top. There will a guard be set until this man is recovered and in safety. Go, now, and boast of this heroic attempt to deceive a weak girl and to assassinate a wounded man!"

The faces of the sbirri grew redder and redder, and a pause ensued after the maid's last words. At a word they all drew pistols from their pockets, which they had hitherto kept concealed, and the commissary coolly spoke: "We come," said he, "in the name of the law. If you have no respect for the law, be careful how you interfere with those who execute it. Should you force us to carry it out, it may cost the lives of six among you."

A murmur ran through the crowd. "Silence, friends!" exclaimed the resolute maid. "They dare not. They know that for every shot there will be six lives required of them. You talk like a fool," she continued, turning to the commissary. "The fear written in your face

speaks more wisely for you. Act as your fears counsel you, signori, the way is clear!"

She stepped back and pointed to the door on the left. The men in the chamber interchanged a few words in a whisper, and then slowly marched out amidst the excited crowd, who greeted them on their way with curses that grew louder and louder as they passed along. The surgeon seemed undecided whether he should follow, but at a peremptory look from the maid he hastily joined his companions.

The invalid in the chamber, half erect on his couch, witnessed the whole scene with staring eyes. The old woman approached his bed and arranged his cushions. "Lie still, my son," said she; "there is no danger. Sleep, now, sleep, my poor boy; old Chiaruccia will watch over you, and that you may sleep the sounder, our Fenice, the blessed child, will guard you! Sleep, now, sleep!" Saying this, she sung him to rest in a low, monotonous voice, as if he were an infant. But he had heard only the name of Fenice, and he bore it away with him in his dreams.

Ten days did Filippo remain in the care of the old woman, sleeping well at night, with a good appetite during the day, and sitting before the door inhaling the pure atmosphere and contemplating the mountain solitude. As soon as he was able to write he sent a messenger to Bologna with letters, answers to which arrived in a few days, but whether of favorable or unfavorable import nobody could gather from his wan and impassible face. Except with his nurse and the children of Treppi, he conversed with no one; and Fenice he only saw in the evenings, when she sat in her accustomed place by the hearthside, for she left the house before sunrise, and remained during the day in the mountains. In former times it was otherwise, as he learned by accident. Within the house he could find no opportunity to speak with her; she acted as if unconscious of his presence, and seemed to be absorbed with her ordinary duties. Her face had become stony and her eyes as cold as death.

One day, when Filippo had wandered farther from the house than usual, enticed by the beautiful weather, and for the first time, with the feeling of renewed energies slowly clomb the neighboring height, on turning the corner of a rock, to his surprise, he encountered Fenice seated on a mossy bank by the side of a mountain rill. She had a distaff and spindle in her hand, and seemed to be lost in thought. Filippo's step aroused her, and she looked up, but uttered no word nor bestowed upon him even a glance as she hastily gathered her work together and departed. She returned no answer to his call, and soon was out of sight.

When he arose on the following morning and his first thoughts had been given to the maid as usual, the door of his chamber opened, and she stood calmly before

him. She remained upon the threshold and beckoned to him peremptorily not to move, as he eagerly arose to greet her from his place at the window.

"You are now recovered," she said, coldly; "I have spoken with old Chiaruccia. She thinks that you have strength enough to travel short stages on horseback. To-morrow morning early, you must leave Treppi, never to return to it. This promise I demand of you."

"I promise, Fenice, upon one condition."

She remained silent.

"That you go with me, Fenice!" said he, with profound and uncontrollable emotion.

A sudden flush of anger darkened her brow. Yet she controlled herself while she replied as she seized the door-latch: "How have I deserved this mockery? You will promise it without any condition—I expect it of your *honor*, signor."

"Will you cast me out after having mingled a love-potion with my life's blood in order to make me yours, Fenice?"

She quietly shook her head. "There is henceforth no bond between us, no longer any love charm," said she, in a low voice. "You spilled your blood before the potion had its effect—the charm is broken. And it is well that it is so, for I acted unwisely. Let us speak of it no more, and promise, now, that you will leave me immediately. A horse will soon be ready, and a guide to lead you wherever it pleases you."

"If, then, this charm has no power to bind me to you, then must there be another one. As God may be merciful to me"—

"Silence!" said she, interrupting him, curling her lip. "I am deaf to the words you are about to utter. If you think yourself indebted to me, and want to indulge me, go, and let us free each other from any obligation. You shall not believe that my poor head could learn nothing. I now know that a man cannot be bought, neither by trifling services that every one would yield as a matter of course, nor by waiting seven years, which is also a matter of course—in the sight of God. You shall not think that you have made me miserable—you have cured me! Go! and take my thanks with you!"

"Answer me before God!" cried he, wildly, and drawing nearer to her; "have I cured you of your *love*?"

"No," said she, firmly. "Why do you ask? That is my own—you have no right in it, nor power over it. Go!"

Saying this, she withdrew from the apartment. In a moment Filippo lay prostrate at her feet upon the stones, clinging to her knees.

"If this be true," he exclaimed, in agony, "save me—take me to yourself, take me, or the head which a miracle preserved, will be dashed to pieces with the heart you reject. The world for me now is desolate—

my life is a prey to hatred—both my old and my new homes are closed against me—how can I exist if I must lose you?"

He looked up—her eyes were streaming with tears. Her face was motionless. She breathed deeply—her lips were open, but mute—at once the flames of life rekindled within her. She bent down and raised him in her strong arms. "You are mine!" said she, trembling, "and I am yours, now, forever!"

When the sun arose on the following day, the couple were seen on their way to Genoa, where Filippo withdrew to escape the machinations of his enemies. The tall, feeble man rode a sure-footed horse, his bride leading him over the stony pathway. On either side were the mountains and valleys of the beautiful Apennines in the clear autumnal atmosphere, the eagles floating majestically over the ravines, and afar the broad, blue, glimmering sea. Calm and beaming as the sea, lay before them the future of the mountain wanderers.

ADVENTURERS in Art are seldom adventurers upon any other ground;—if they travel, it is to see. The organ of *vision* is to them the richest inheritance. A cultivated perception places within their reach objects of enjoyment from every quarter of the globe. Treasures of the land and of the deep, the ever-varying character of the seasons, and the phenomena of the elements, furnish the store-house of the painter's imagination, from whence he draws those enchanting combinations of hill and dale, of mountain torrent, or of placid stream. But it is principally with the human form divine, and with the character and expressions of the mind under the various emotions of passions that swell the human heart, that he is most studiously concerned. It is with these elements of the soul that he must be conversant, in order to be able to cite them to appear at his bidding, and, by the magic of his pencil, to transfer them to the canvas. . . . The Artist resembles the philosopher in the singleness and abstraction of his pursuits, caring little for the chances and changes of things, if his colors do but flow with ease, and are not liable to fade or change. If he does not possess the splendors of life, the love of Art enables him to endure its privations. His hopes are fed, and his exertions animated by the reward of the judicious; and if not secure of contemporary applause, he consoles himself with the hope that posterity will do justice to his merits.—*Library of the Fine Arts.*

It is superfluous to decorate woman so highly for early youth; youth is itself a decoration. We mistakingly adorn most that part of life which least requires it, and neglect to provide for that which will want it most. It is for that sober period, when life has lost its freshness, the passions their intensity, and the spirits their hilarity, that we should be preparing. Our wisdom would be, to anticipate the wants of middle life, to lay in a store of notions, ideas, principles, and habits, which may preserve or transfer to the mind that affection which was at first partly attracted by the person. But to add a vacant mind to a form which has ceased to please, to provide no subsidiary aid to beauty while it lasts, and especially no substitute when it is departed, is to render life comfortless, and marriage dreary.—*H. More.*

THE CANTICLE OF CANTICLES.*

THERE is nothing so imposing as the panoramic-like course of things through the winding channels of time. That there is a continuous thread interlinking them as parts of a great whole cannot be reasonably doubted, a consecutive order giving them a meaning and an intelligible destination. But the logical order of things in themselves and by virtue of their constitution is one thing, and the conception of this order, on the part of man, another. Until we have lived or grown up to a true historical theory of this progressive order, there must be confusion, variation and errors in most of our speculations about the past. Now, it is but reasonable to think, that so long as there is no true harmony between the past and the present in the conceptions of men, we must expect to have learned investigations into all the great physical and moral forces of antiquity; in fact, we ought to feel grateful for, as we must necessarily see the need of them. We know there is a certain self-lettered tribe who try to cast a slur upon such labors, animally-brained creatures who batten upon the anarchy of thought. To such literary scavengers we leave the dirty work which the modern newspaper system has so generously provided for them.

The eye of genius in looking into the records of the past has a legitimate mission, one that must ultimately effect the concordance of all well-directed studies. Those in the present who speculate on the past are, as we all but too well know, divided into conflicting forces in consequence of their theological and ethnological antecedents. Much of the discordance of modern thought is due to this, each fraction of the human family trying to goad all monumental history into flattering testimonials of their own great and absolute superiority. To be content in seeking the really natural part which each has played in civilization is out of the question; they are most concerned in an irrational rivalry wherein personalities, and not the true interpretation of the past, dominate and rule everything. The physically political part of this great weakness in human nature was partially overcome by the incorporating efforts of the Roman empire; the moral and intellectual part has to be overcome by the steady growth of modern science. We have no desire to draw invidious distinctions as to races, the comparative study of them having not yet reached that point of maturity which would warrant us in doing so. But we think enough is shown by modern research to warrant us in saying that there is a manifest difference; that while some have proved themselves to be really progressive in the order of moral and intellectual culture, others have proved themselves to be stationary, by their inability to creep beyond the early

* Le Cantique des Cantiques, traduit de l'Hébreu, avec une étude sur le plan, l'âge et le caractère du poème, par Ernest Renan. Paris, 1860.